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THE GHOST OF POMPEY.

FROM perfect and unclouded day,
From joys complete, without alloy,
And from a spring, without decay,

I come, by Cynthias' borrow'd beam,
To visit my Cornelia's dreams,
And give them still sublimer themes.

I am the man you lov'd before;
These streams have wash'd away my gore,
And POMPEY, now, shall bleed no more;

Nor shall my vengeance be withstood,
Nor unattended with a flood
Of Roman, and Egyptian blood.

CÆSAR himself it shall pursue;
His days shall troubled be, and few,
And he shall fall...by treason too.

He, by a justice all divine,
Shall fall a victim at my shrine,
As I was his...he shall be mine.

Thy stormy life regret no more,
For fate shall waft thee soon ashore,
And to thy POMPEY thee restore,

When guilty heads no crown shall wear,
Nor my CORNELIA drop a tear,
Nor CÆSAR be dictator there.

Tout Femme ressemble à la chaste Diane,
Approuvant en secret, dit on,
Ce qu'en public elle condamne;
Sa bizarre vertu sur le pauvre Acteon,
Se venge d'un regard profane,
Et vase duire Endymion.

N.B. A translation not requested.

● divine Amitié! ce tems qui nous outrage,
Loin de briser tes nœuds, les serre
chaque jour,

* These lines were written, many years ago, by a Mr. Ballantyne, of Glasgow, and are now remembered, not so much perhaps for their intrinsic merit, as by their having been linked to early and sweet associations. The ideas seem better than the execution, contrary to most of our poetasters, whose workmanship far excels the materials. It was set to the tune of Prior's, "In vain you tell your parting lover." It was sung, or rather recited, by the writer in a deep sepulchral voice. Several of the lines still come over the ear, in grand and sweeping tone; and the whole awakens in the mind classical recollections.

Veux-tu donc, à *toi seule*, avoir cet avantage?
Et ne diras tu point ton secret à l'amour?

THO' pure my hands, and free from guilty stains,
Tho' undissolv'd each social tyé remains;
Altho' no husband mourns his injur'd bed,
Nor pines with grief the violated maid,
Altho' I pay each just return I owe,
And, sympathetic, feel another's woe,
With liberal hand, sustain the needy poor,
And age and sickness, bless my opening door;
Tho' each complaint, each bursting sigh, I hear,
Melt for each want, and pity every tear...
Yet, some dark tenet should I disbelieve,
Or dare to doubt, what I can ne'er conceive,
Still hell's broad paths, erroneous, I have trod,
A foe to virtue, and a foe to God.

S. H.

MRS. F.....'S DELIGHT.
COMPOSED BY HER HUSBAND, T. F.

SOME men they do delight in hounds,
And some in hawks take pleasure,
Some do rejoice in war and wounds,
And thereby gain great treasure.

Some men do love on sea to sail,
And some rejoice in riding,
But all their judgments do them fail,
Oh, no such thing as chiding!

When in the morn I ope my eyes,
To entertain the day,
Before my husband e'en can rise,
I chid him...then I pray.

When I at table take my place,
Whatever be the meat,
I first do chide...and then say grace,
If so dispos'd to eat.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,
I ever do complain;
Too raw, too roast, too young, too old,
Faults I will find, or feign.

Let it be flesh, or fowl, or fish,
It never shall be said,
But I'll find fault with meat or dish,
With master, or with maid.

But when I go to bed at night,
I heartily do weep,